

RELIGIOUS TRACTS. NO. 13.

HYMNS.

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FOR THE "EPISCOPAL FEMALE TRACT SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA."

HYMN I.

TEACHER AND CHILDREN.

Teacher.

Great God, accept our songs of praise,
Which we would to thy honour raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

Children.

Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion show,
In kindly pointing out the road,
That leads to Christ—the way to God.

Teacher.

We claim no merit of our own,
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline,
To carry on this great design.

Children.

Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring;
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Teacher.

With these dear children, we'll unite,
Their songs inspire us with delight;

Lord, while on earth, we sing thy love,
May angels give thee notes above.

Children.

Great God, our benefactors bless,

Teacher.

And crown the work with great success.

Both.

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

HYMN II.

1.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth th' eternal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2.

Let glorious seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3.

Let saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall,
In concerts join, with notes divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

4.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call
The God incarnate! man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

5.

Let old and young—let every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6.

Inspire our souls, great Saviour King,
 (Thy subjects humbly call;)
 The triumphs of thy grace to sing,
 And crown thee Lord of all.

HYMN III.

'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought:
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!

Could my heart so cold remain?
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Any duty give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me—is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I do not love at all?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace
 If it be indeed begun.

HYMN IV.

Heb. ii. 18

In all the troubles of my life,
 My soul to Jesus flies;
 My anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud halleluias sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

HYMN V.

Children of the Heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.